BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS. . . . KANSAS.

IN EXILE.

So sweetly hast thou sung, my singing bird,
So sweetly hast thou sung!
No wilder, gladder note was ever heard
The glad wild woods among.

The very hills are listening, and the sky
Hath heard thy ringing voice,
Its melody outpouring from on high
That Heaven may rejoice.

O bird! and art thou singing of this land,
Where summer lives alway,
Where cold and blight have never laid their hand
Upon the warm, still day?

Where bluest waters wash the quiet shore,
And silver mosses hide
The haunts that thy bright presence oft before
Hath filled and glorified?

Thou little bird! thou happy, fearless one!
And is there, then, no pain,
No sorrowing for thee beneath the sun,
While I have grieved in vain?

Sweet singer! Ah! if thou couldst sing to me
Of one dear land I know,
Where ice-bound rivers seek the bitter sea,
Through wind-swept plains of snow!

Where song of bird is heard not, but the cold,
White silence speaks alone,
And only in our gay hearts do we hold
Joy's deeper undertone.

Thou singest of the summer, and my heart,
My heart is singing, too,
A tender song, half sad, but sweet in part,
Where glad strains wander through.

For oh! this heart is singing of my home,
And, as the music swells,
All jubilant the thronging child-thoughts come
To ring their sweet joy bells.

And thou hast caught the strain, thou happy soul,
And, singing as I sing,
Thou bearest me beyond my grief's control,
Exultant, wondering.

—Helen Grace Smith, in Belford's Magazine.

RARE SPORT.

Sam Crane, Pitcher, Describes the Famous Irish Game.

Every Body Played It 4,000 Years Ago—A Cross Between Foot-Ball, Hockey, Lacrosse and Polo—The Simplest of All Athletic Sports.

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THERE is probably no athletic game now known to the world that is older than the game of hurling, which seems about to become quite popular with our athletes.

Chronology has it that Hercules first celebrated the Olympian games in the year 1218 B. C. At about the same time, according to the historians, the early colonists of Ireland founded what were known as the Tailten games, which were held annually in Meath and which were, as far as they could be, national. They were kept up until the end of the eighth century, when Ireland suffered from the Angle-Norman invasion, when they languished. The Tailten games were the forerunners of the Irish athletic games of to-day, and some of them were very similar—wrestling, weight-throwing, running, horse-racing and the like. In some respects the old games

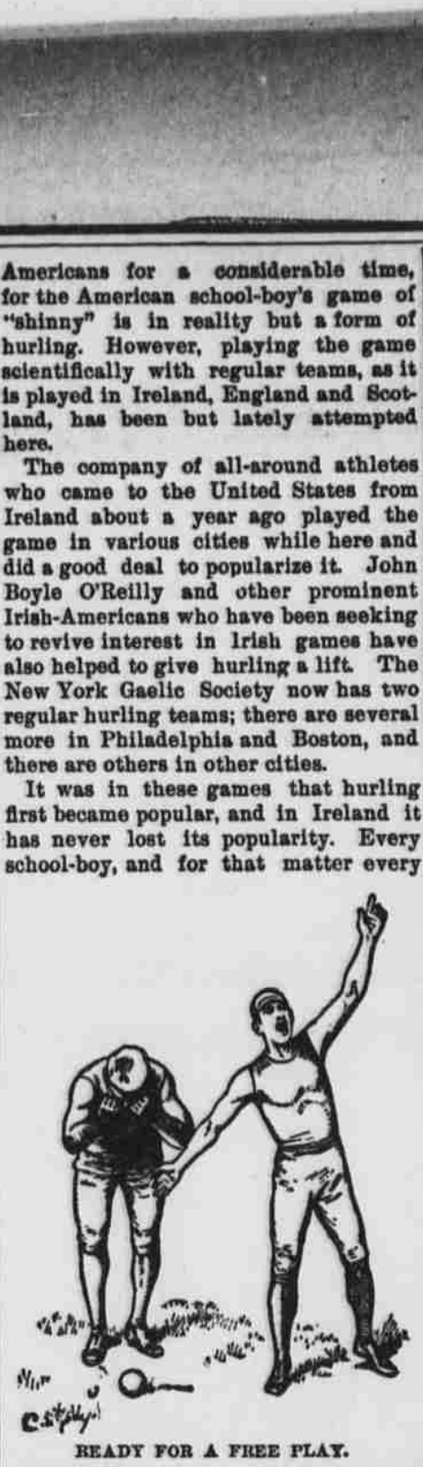
PITCHER CRANE

were more refined than those of our own times, for in addition to trials of skill and strength, there were also contests in music, poetry, chess-playing and such innocent pastimes.

In America the game is but just beginning to get a fair foothold, but the outlook for it seems to be particularly good. In a way, it has been known to Americans for a considerable time, for the American school-boy's game of "shinny" is in reality but a form of hurling. However, playing the game scientifically with regular teams, as it is played in Ireland, England and Scotland, has been but lately attempted here.

The company of all-around athletes who came to the United States from Ireland about a year ago played the game in various cities while here and did a good deal to popularize it. John Boyle O'Reilly and other prominent Irish-Americans who have been seeking to revive interest in Irish games have also helped to give hurling a lift. The New York Gaelic Society now has two regular hurling teams; there are several more in Philadelphia and Boston, and there are others in other cities.

It was in these games that hurling first became popular, and in Ireland it has never lost its popularity. Every school-boy, and for that matter every



READY FOR A FREE PLAY.

other "boy"—for in Ireland a male continues to be a boy until he is the head of a family—plays the game. It is held, too, that it is the favorite game of the fairies. There is scarcely a village in all Ireland where you can not find some veracious old gentleman or dame willing to tell of the games they have seen the "good people" all dressed in green playing on some green hillside in the gray of the evening or in the moonlight.

But, folk-lore aside, it is certain that the game is as ancient as any that can be named, and that it was played before the beginning of the Christian era.

Hurling as a game is simple enough. The Irish used to call it *baire*, as they called the goal-keeper *sulbair*, and the hurly or stick used in the game was called *caman*. To the average American unused to the game it seems at first to partake of some of the qualities of foot-ball, hockey, lacrosse and polo. It is exciting, too, for it is a game that calls forth great activity, and when played by two full teams there are about twice as many men engaged as there are in a matched game of foot-ball, and when these get mixed up in a *melee* over the small ball used the thing is likely to become exciting. There are opportunities for some pretty rough play, too. In the game of foot-ball the most the hot-headed players can do when they get excited is to slug with their fists. In hurling each player is armed with a stick three feet or more long with a curve on one end, which is usually a sort of knob. The possibilities that these hold forth to players who do not care to control their temper can be readily understood.

Hurling when played by two full teams engages forty-two men. It may, however, be played by as few as fourteen men on a side, but should be played by no fewer. When two teams complete face each other they are not unlike foot-ball teams in formation. Besides goal-keeper, each has half-backs, right-point covers, left-point covers, wing men, centers and rushers. Sometimes, too, the tactics used are not unlike those of the foot-ball men. The rushing and tackling are much the same and the famous wedge movement of the Princeton foot-ball team has often before now been brought into play on the hurling field. The main qualifications for a player are activity, pluck, quickness of sight and good judgment of distance.

When played by full teams the hurling ground should be 196 yards long by 140 yards wide. The ground should be clearly marked off as in foot-ball. At each end of the field stand two goal posts and there is a cross-bar ten and one-half feet from the ground. The object of the game is to drive the ball between these posts and under the cross-bar. This counts a goal. If driven over the cross-bar it counts but a point. The same count is made if the ball goes over the goal line within twenty-one feet of either goal-post.

The arrangement of the men is not altogether like that of the foot-ball team. The goal-keepers stand near to and in front of the goal, and two men govern the "points." Four others are posted a few yards in advance as pickets. In the center of the field seven players are ranged in a straight line, like a foot-ball rush line. The other seven are variously placed to guard various points and to rush and tackle, or perform any other duty for which they may be required.

The paraphernalia of the game is simple in the extreme. The ball used should weigh from seven to ten ounces, and should be made of cork and woolen thread, covered with leather. The hurly or stick which is used for driving the ball is also a very simple affair. It is made of wood, and is about three feet long. It is curved at one end and flattened so that there is a surface to meet the ball when it strikes it.

When the teams are drawn up ready to play the referee becomes the dictator of the game. He is, however, assisted by four others, two goal umpires and two field umpires. The captains of the teams toss for choice of sides of the field. Then the hurlers, standing in line on the field opposite each other, advance, shake hands or catch hurlys, as the case may be, after which they retire into position. Then the referee, taking up a position at one end, tosses the ball between the lines of opposing players, taking care not to throw it higher than their heads. This is a signal for the game to begin. And from this time on there is a struggle, and when the teams are at all well matched it is always an exciting one. The game, as seen in America, is played under the rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association, which, while simple, are strict in the sense that they thoroughly frown down all slugging or rough or crooked playing.

No player is allowed to catch another with his hands, nor can there be any tripping, pushing from behind or butting with the head. It is not allowed for a player to bring his hurly into contact with another player's person, and it is in enforcing this rule that most trouble is had. Its enforcement is necessary, however, for otherwise every game would be marked by broken heads. For any breach of these rules the referee is fully empowered to act. He may disqualify the guilty player for the game. In hurling, the disqualification of a man means the loss of one to his side. In foot-ball, when a man is disqualified another may take his place, but this is not so in hurling, and the result is that team captains anxious to lose no men see to it that the rules are obeyed. The referee can disqualify a player for any play that he may consider improper. If a man is accidentally injured his place may be filled by another.

If any player drives the ball over the side line of the field, and it does not rebound, no player can follow and return it. This must be done by the referee or an umpire. The players must remain thirty feet from the line until the ball is again thrown into the field and has touched the ground, after which it again becomes a live ball.

When a ball is driven over the goal line then the goal-keeper has a chance to distinguish himself, for he gets a chance to hit the ball at his own free will without molestation from the other players. To use the jargon of the game, he gets a free "puck" from goal into the field. In other words, he has a free hit of the ball on the fly, and no player on the opposite side can come nearer than the twenty-one yard line until the ball is struck, while none of the striker's side can be farther away from his own goal than the center of the field. These free pucks are always followed by the wildest sort of scrimmages, and are always an exciting feature of a game that ordinarily is exciting enough.

But, for that matter, there are exciting features of the game just as there are in any game where the players are

TOYING WITH A HIGH BALL.

brought into close hand-to-hand contests of skill, strength and endurance. The match is always decided by the number of goals made. In some games no goals are made—although this is unusual—and in some others the score as to goals may be a tie. In such cases it is settled by the number of points.

It is not intended that the hand shall touch the ball any more than is possible when hurling. The ball can not be lifted off the ground with the hands when it is in play. It may be struck with the hand, however, or it may be kicked. It may be also caught on the fly and the player so catching it may hit it in any way he chooses. He may not, however, hold it or run with it, the design being to keep the ball free and constantly in play. Hitting both right and left is allowed.

Where any rule of the game is broken, the referee may allow a free hit or puck if he see fit. In these free hits, except a hit from goal, the ball should not be held in hand. If the ball strike a bystander near the lines, except the referee or umpires, it is considered out of play, and must be thrown in by the referee or one of the umpires. If this occurs at the goal line, the ball is still considered out of play and must be hit from goal. In the latter case, the referee, if he consider that the ball if not interfered with would have passed through the point or goal line, may allow a point or a goal as he sees fit.

It will be seen at once that the game is exceedingly simple and that the rules allow the players a wide latitude when playing. At the same time it involves as much exercise as either foot-ball or lacrosse without being especially dangerous. In the way of educating the eye as well as the limbs to quickness it is in some respects superior to either. In foot-ball a large sphere is used and the eye is called upon to perform but little labor. In lacrosse the ball used is small, but it is driven by a sort of a scoop-net, so to speak.

However, comparisons aside, hurling has its own excellencies, and as a winter game on the ground or on the ice it has no superior, for not only is it healthful, but it is safe, simple and intensely enjoyable. Any one can play it who can learn to play it, and any one who can not learn to play it can learn nothing, for it is simplicity itself.

The outfit required is easily acquired. A ball and a stick with a crook on one end—and there you are. All that is needed then is a clear day and a level field. On a crisp, cold day there is nothing that will stir up the blood, liven up the muscles and invigorate one generally in a more complete manner than a good, lively game of hurling. The game is played in an hour, with a short rest in the middle of the game, so there is no danger of any one in ordinarily good health suffering from over-exertion.

To become an expert hurler no peculiar qualifications are required. A small man can play as well as a big one, all other things being equal. Activity is the main thing, combined with quickness of sight and good judgment which enables the player to use his hurly with accuracy and effect.

Among professional athletes the game of hurling is hardly likely to become popular, but among gentlemen amateurs it ought for many reasons to become a favorite game. To business men and men of sedentary habits it furnishes rare facilities for keeping in good physical condition, the exercise being sufficient for this without being too severe for persons unused to physical exertion. At present hurling is all too little known. It would be well if every athletic club would introduce it as one of the features of its regular games. Once the public came to know its good points, it could scarcely fail to become widely popular.—Samuel N. Crane, Pitcher New York Base-Ball club.

MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW.

A Sweet Voice Is One of the Most Excellent Things in a Woman.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning to night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house, when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect so much scolding before they do any thing they are bid; while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye, is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens; they only make them ten times heavier. For your own sake, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—Kindergarten Magazine.

A Question of Relative Values.

"John! John! Wake up!"

"What is the matter, Maria?"

"I hear a noise in the kitchen. Go down quick and see what it is. May be it's a burglar."

"Mrs. Billus, what do you consider the actual cash value of the silver and plated ware and other stealable articles in the kitchen?"

"There's ten dollars' worth, at the very least."

"And do you suppose, madam, I am going to run the risk of meeting an armed burglar for a pitiful, beggarly, dad-dinged ten dollars, madam?"

(Angrily) "Why not, John Billus? Isn't your life insured for $5,000?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Spare your hands as well as your temper by inverting the top of the fruit jar for a minute or two in hot water before attempting to remove it. Canned fruit should always be opened two or three hours before it is needed as the flavor is much finer when the oxygen is fully restored.

UNCLE SAM'S DIGNITY.

How It Was Outraged in the Person of a Jack-Rabbit Postmaster.

The "town" itself consisted of a general store, two dwellings, a blacksmith shop and a railroad depot, and the post-office was in the back end of the store. Three or four of us had ordered our mail directed there, supposing it to be a place of some importance. Therefore, after the train had departed, we went over to the store to make inquiry. The postmaster sat on his counter smoking a clay pipe, and nothing indicated that he was in a hurry.

"After mail, eh?" as he looked us over.

"Yes."

"Did any of you ever think what a responsible position a postmaster occupies?"

None of us replied, and he crossed his legs, looked into vacancy, and continued:

"He is a part of the Government. He represents the Government. He is, to a certain extent, the Government. As the Government, he should command respect. Gentlemen, remove your hats."

"Who to?" demanded the wire-fence man.

"To me, sir—to the Government."

"Not by a blanked sight! If you are the postmaster of this jack-rabbit post-office, then you hump yourself and hand out our mail!"

"Gentlemen, is them your sentiments also?" queried the old man as he turned to us.

"They are."

"Then you don't get a cussed letter out of this post-office! You have assumed the attitude of treasonists toward this Government, and you get no favors from it."

"See here, you old lop-shouldered, gander-shanked idiot, do you mean to say you won't pass out our mail!" exclaimed the fence man as his hair began to stand up like the barbs in his product.

"That's jist what I mean to say. This Government don't bluff."

"Well, if you won't, then I will!" He started for the back room, but the postmaster hopped off the counter and obstructed him and said:

"This is high treason, for sure. This Government warns you not to enter that room."

"Will you get our mail?"

"No, sir."

"Then stand aside."

The fence man pushed ahead and the postmaster took hold of him. Then there came a biff-bang! and the Government was knocked over among a pile of rope and axe-handles. The Chicago man got him by the leg, drew him outdoors, stood him up and "lifted" him, and as the old man started up the road on a run we went back to the post-office and wire fence, looked over the box of letters and passed out half a dozen. We were reading them in the shade of the depot building when the postmaster returned. One eye was nearly shut and he had his jaw in a sling.

"Get your mail?" he asked, as he came sidling up.

"Yes."

"Want any thing more?"

"No."

"Gents, I want to explain my conduct. I got my commission as P. M. only three days ago. It didn't swell my head at all until the old woman began to say as how we now stood at the head of society here, and that the State of Nebraska and most of the Union rested on my shoulders, and she put it so strong that I got rattled and made an ass of myself. Gentlemen, the swelling has disappeared. Come over and take sunthin' out of my bottle."—N. Y. Sun.

A DEAD-BEAT ARMY.

Over Five Thousand Philadelphians Who Do Not Pay Their Tailors' Bills.

There are between 5,000 and 6,000 men in this city who do not pay their tailors' bills. This statement is made upon the authority of a member of the new institution known as the Merchant Tailors' Protective Association and Exchange, which is preparing the list for publication and circulation among the members of the organization. When this black-list is once made public it will ruin the credit of the hundreds who have existed off the tailors in the past.

The list is to include not only the dead-beats that never pay, but all those who help to make the life of a tailor a burden. For example, it is almost impossible to make clothing to suit some men. No matter how carefully they are made some objection will be found, and after enough alterations have been made to eat up all the profit, the price must be reduced on the ground that after so many changes have been made the garment comes under the head of damaged goods. Under the new order of things these men must change their tactics or depend on the ready-made dealers for their clothing.

"In the compilation of the list great care and caution will be exercised. The tailors will all be given numbers, and the names of those reporting delinquents will not appear on the list, but opposite the name and address of each objectionable customer will be given the number of the tailor at whose instance he has been blacklisted, and the cause for the action.

"It is only after a man has shown conclusively that he does not intend to pay that his name will be reported. After dunning a man for a year without getting any thing out of him it is safe to suppose that he does not intend to pay, and down goes his name on the blacklist."—Philadelphia Record.